

ANOTHER CASE FOR MR. BROOKS. We understand that a very large meeting of the students of the University of Virginia was held on Tuesday evening, to take into consideration the recent attack of the Hon. Preston S. Brooks on Charles Sumner, in the U. S. Senate chamber. Several very eloquent speeches were delivered, all of which

We nominate Tom Hyer for Congress. We are ambitious that the Fourth District of New York should be represented more respectably than the Fourth District of South Carolina. It is not to be endured that such an artist as Preston S. Brooks should be the champion of the Congressional ring. True, he "travels on his muscle" splendidly. He is a regular bruiser. He has the alacrity. He has the agility. When he sails in, he comes like a cannon. He is worse than Yankee Sullivan "Yankée," ungentlemanly as he was, never "sailed in" unless the man was on his feet and had some notice. The late lamented William Poole would have treated Preston S. Brook as a trickish, dashingly, and noble bully—a disgrace to the noble art of self defence. Brooks must be made to respect the laws of the ring; and Mr. Hyer is just the man to accomplish this. He has a spirit that rises in indignation against such lurking brutality as he sees at Washington. He considers it pure scoundrelism. Mr. Hyer is a citizen who gives no pledges; but his life speaks for him. New York would be a better place if he could be made as faithful for his pugilistic honor. He would restore the fair repute of the ring, and "punish" Bosses True, we could not expect that with his sentiments towards the man, Mr. Hyer would condescend to deal him a regular scoldology. The science he loves would hardly allow of that. Ben Caut and his associates all agree that the foot only must be used in such cases. Mr. Hyer can even defeat *Ex-parte Hercules*. Mr. Hyer can even show something of his prowess, as well as his contempt, for one whom his education teaches him to look upon as a cuttiff. Mr. Hyer must go to Washington.

person. He concludes a two days' unproductive scholarly platitudes and pedantic dullness by venting a filthy stream of billingsgate on heads both with age; answers insult from men who would afford him personal satisfaction with vulgar epithets; and when cued for cowardly vituperation, falls the floor an inanimate lump of incarnate cowardice, and most glorious exemplar of the *man of power*.

...nounced by our returned brother who has been
 to fill the place of more than one departed to another land
 from among us since he departed to the other, while he
 is coming recalls to our memory those who, while he
 was here, stood side by side with us—those who, like
 us, were energetic laborers in this cause that he, our
 faithful friend as he is, and higher praise be
 to him than man desire, to know even from the other
 side of the ocean that he has fallen from his side. I regret
 to hear, that he comes to fill these vacant places
 to stand in his own position, side by side with us
 in this conflict, which trust is to terminate, and
 a lifetime or not, in a victory which will be
 toward all the efforts, all the perils, all the labors
 through which that victory is attained.
 I think, too, our friend comes to witness
 the march towards the attainment of the desired
 that he comes to see us further forward than
 we when he departed. If we had the courage
 we more furious and rampant than we are
 the manifestations of their hatred to us and

POETRY.

A WELCOME TO PARKER PILLSBURY.
Written for the Anti-Slavery Festival held in Faneuil Hall, Wednesday Evening, May 28, 1856.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

A champion home from distant lands,
Fresh from the battle-fields of Right,
With earnest words and outstretched hands,
We welcome here to-night!

One who for Freedom's sake forlorn,
Exchanged bright honors, ease, and gold,
For tyrant's hate and priestly scorn,
And toils no tongue hath told.

He saw the Church's robe of sin,
Blood-stained beneath her spotless dress;
He burst her whitened channel in,
And showed the rottenness.

With aching heart and weary feet,
From field to field he waged the strife,
Till summer's sun and winter's sleet
Had drained the fountains of life.

And worn and weary, far away
We sent our toiler to his rest;
Bade him be silent—he said, 'Nay,
I heed not your behest.'

And, looking seaward, soon the jet
Of light across the ocean came;
And then we knew his breath had set
Old England's heart aflame!

He needs no praise—the tyrant's frown
Is his—the blessing of the slave;
He hears, the while he looketh down,
Where his own harvest wave.

Grateful that such as he 'still live,'
Thankful to hear his words of light,
With earnest hearts we come to give
A welcome home to-night.

Welcome to strife, but not to rest!
No armor here shall gather rust;
No peace unto the serpent's crest
Is trodden out in dust!

Welcome to war! the night is past!
The cloud that, like a warning hand,
Rose on the sky, is up at last!
The tempest sweeps the land!

Shouts o'er the storm-wind, fierce and high,
The 'Border Ruffian' from his den,
And clear against the western sky
Stand graves of murdered men!

The red drops from our SUNKEN'S veins
Fall thickly on the Senate floor,
While Slavery clanks her cursed chains
At each New England door!

Welcome the crossing of her lance!
She hears our trumpets on the wind!
She sees our lines of fire advance,
And feels the wall behind!

Welcome her deeds of crime and blood!
Her horrors, gathering day by day!
These drops, hung from her heaving flood,
Like mile-stones mark our way!

God! speed the day, when 'neath the dome
Of heaven, with song and outstretched hand,
We welcome aided FREEDOM home,
Unto this darkened land!

For the Liberator.

CHARLES SUMNER.

He stood before those recent men,
God's angel with a trumpet of power,
To waken Freedom's sleeping hosts,
In this decisive hour!

Clear, full, and grand, rang out its tones;
In awful strength they thundered forth,
Against those brazen gates of hell,
The Spirit of the North!

On him our hearts, our hopes were hung,
The slave's great champion, clothed with light;
A voice of glory in the land,
Clearing away the night!

Oh, God! and shall a coward's arm
Bring SUMNER low, our country's pride?
Cast Brooks to Judas, and his band,
One with that Deicide!

Shall Satan this choice mercenary find,
To hush the sweetest voice of Truth,
To sink in death that godlike mind,
In all the flush of youth?

Such voice had Freedom ne'er before—
That last great speech, through which his soul
Did like a mighty cataract pour,
Urging him to the goal!

The martyr's height which he hath gained,
Serene, sublime, in deathless fame,
Through whom the slave shall be unchained,
In virtue of his name.

Each sigh upon thy couch of pain,
Oh! SUMNER, cometh back to thee
In echoes from each hill and plain,
Circling the heaving sea!

There is a roar of voices—comes
A deafening shout, it rears itself,
From all those free, those blood-bought homes—
Thou hast the victory!

And the dire blow they aimed at thee
Hath given her death-wound, (cheer thee now!)
To that fell 'horrid SLAVERY'—
I see, I see her bow!

Hissing, the agony words through
Her massy, serpent-folds,
And in sharp struggle of fierce death
Her writhing carcass holds.

But God hath thee in choicest care—
His dearest angels fan would save
The MAN, who, for the truth, did there
Stand so serenely brave!

And, knowing all his risk of life,
Did weigh his holy purpose well,
Then calmly in the hottest strife
Defied the sons of hell!

Thou may'st be called to join the host,
With their all-glorious Head,
The martyrs of the Holy Ghost,
Who for the truth have bled!

But thy imperishable name
Shall through all ages be
Among earth's noblest dead to fame,
The watch-word of the free!

Emulous of such pure renown,
Shall other spirits rise,
All coveting such martyr crown
As thy well-won prize.

I cannot speak what all would speak—
My incoherent word
Is through the night of Feeling weak,
Yet I would fain be heard.

It hath gone up in volumed power,
A nation's heart is there,
In the deep fervor of this hour,
The God-prevailing prayer!

And breathless wait our bravest souls
For those electric wires;
For a deep sympathy the whole
Veep heaving North inspires.

Think not we e'er again shall sleep
By SUMNER'S blood no more;

O'er all the bounds our strong thoughts leap—
Our sires were men of yore.

We will, like our own fathers, all
As freemen glorious graves,
Rather than at your tyrant will
Sink lower than your slaves.

From the bold youth to the grey sires
The stirring cry goes forth,
A resurrection's glow inspires
The wide-awakening North!

And Mammon's chain is breaking too—
Its links of gold give way—
So strong is the refining flame
Of Freedom's Judgment day!

And Lawrence, with his smoking homes,
Is urging up our ire,
And brighter, as the tempest comes,
Burns the new beacon fire!

We cannot sleep—to sleep is death!
Hark to ye, tyrants! now—
Feel ye our hot and burning breath
Scathing your haughty brow!

Wait for your broken rod of pride—
Nought can your sway restore;
There's a free spirit far and wide—
We wake to sleep no more!

M.

THE LIBERATOR.

ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL
AT FANEUIL HALL.

RECEPTION OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

In accordance with previous notice, a meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening, May 28, 1856, to welcome home PARKER PILLSBURY, after an absence from this country of two years and a half, most of which time he spent in Great Britain. Six or eight hundred persons were in attendance, the tables on the floor of the capacious hall being completely filled.

At 7 o'clock, the meeting was called to order by Wm. LLOYD GARRISON, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, who proposed, as President of the meeting, EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., of Delham, which nomination was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. QUINCY, on taking the chair, spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I cannot say, with truth, as I said five years ago, that I appear in this place abashed, which I had at one hour; for I was informed last week that it was foreordained that I was to occupy this chair. I thank you none the less, however, for your kindness in elevating me to this position, which I certainly consider a very high honor. As we have heard a great deal of Parliamentary proprieties lately, and as an honorable gentleman, a beloved friend of ours, has been sacrificed to a pretended violation of Parliamentary proprieties, I feel bound to observe them strictly on this occasion, and to proceed 'decently and in order,' according to Parliamentary rule. I am, of course, the first business in order is to dispose of the matters 'on the table,' before we proceed to the 'orders of the day.' (Laughter.) As many of you are in favor of now taking up for discussion the matters laid on the table, on the motion of Mr. Smith, will manifest it by saying 'Aye.'

The 'Ayes' had it, and a very animated 'discussion' ensued, which lasted for about one hour; though we cannot say that the tables were cleared, a great many matters being left totally undiscussed, owing to the profusion with which our friend Smith piled the tables by his successive 'motions.' The business was entered upon with great earnestness and alacrity, and appeared to be enjoyed with infinite zest.

In due time, the President rose and said:

Ladies and Gentlemen.—In the mother country, from which our friend PILLSBURY has just returned, on the occasion of public festivities of this kind, it is usual to express thankfulness by the voice of music, in singing the anthem 'Non nobis Domine'—the glory be not to us.' We propose to imitate this ancestral custom, and to auspicious the further festivities of this occasion by singing an ode from the sheet which has been laid before you, commencing 'Come all who claim the freeman's name.'

When the singing was concluded, the President again addressed the company, as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen.—It is now five years, within a very few days, since I had the honor to preside at a festival upon an occasion similar to this. It was on a different occasion, however. It was then to speed the parting, as it is now to welcome the coming guest. You all remember, for I presume many who hear me were present on the occasion, and if you were not, you have all heard of it, that glorious evening when we took our last farewell of GEORGE THOMPSON, (cheers,) a name which, I am sure, can never be uttered in any true Anti-Slavery Convention, without stirring the hearts and uplifting the voices of those who hear it. We remember his visit to us; we remember the abuse and the denunciation which he encountered on this very platform. We remember how he was howled down. We recollect, too, how he won a triumphal procession throughout the country, with only here and there an occasional outbreak against him, until it finally culminated in that great assembly, when we met to bid him farewell, only saddened by the thought, that we might look upon his face no more.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is a different occasion. We now meet to welcome home a true, earnest, uncorruptible, faithful friend of the slave. (loud applause.)—one whose whole life, ever since he first received this gospel, has been one unbroken ministry; who has laid his talents, his time, his soul and his body, every thing that he had, upon the altar of the slave. Exhausted by his years of labor, borne down by his unintermitted exertions for such a long course of years, his health failed him, and he sought the mother country and crossed the ocean, in the hope,—hopes which we are glad to believe have been fulfilled,—of recovering his health, and of being again able to resume his labors, and renew his apostleship. This, my friends, is a pleasant mission than the one which we had last to perform, for 'welcome ever smiles,' while 'farewell goes out sighing.'

I am not going to make you a long speech; and do not be alarmed at that preface, as you might justly be, for it is usually the prelude to a very long speech. It is unnecessary for me to tell you why you are here. The fact that this large multitude has assembled here to do honor to our friend, makes it unnecessary that I should dwell upon his character, his merits, or his labors; but it was due to him, it was due to ourselves, it was no more than proper self-respect, as well as a proper expression of respect towards him, that we should come together, and extend to him the hand of welcome, as he put his foot upon his native shore. He has been, my friends, our ambassador. You know we send ambassadors abroad. There is Mr. Soule, for example, there is Mr. Dodge, there is Mr. Mason,—a man we have sent to France, who not only cannot read or write, but who cannot even speak the language of the country to which he has been sent. We have also Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Dallas. We send our ambassadors abroad to represent us; and we, as we hold it, the genuine representatives of the true American idea, of the idea which was founded on Plymouth Rock, which was built up on Bunker Hill, and for which our fathers lived and died, if they lived and died for any thing except bread and meat,—we hold, I say, that we are the American people, (applause,) and sent this man to England to represent us there, and we think that he represented us very well. (loud cheers.) We are satisfied with the accounts we have heard of him, with the report which he has brought back with him. He had seals of his apostleship. He had the seals which were affixed to the testimonial which he has brought home with him, both there and here,—the seals which bitter enmity, which slanderous malignity, which sectarian malice, affixed to that testimonial.

(Hear, hear, and cheers.) The mission of our friend was not a mere mission of pleasure; it was not a mere tour for the gratification of his taste, for the satisfaction of his friendly affinities with those whom we know by name, and whom we love for what we know of them on the other side the water. But he met there with the most cruel hostility, with lying malignity, with priestly defamation; and I am sorry to say, that that defamation, that malignity, those slanders, were rebuffed from this side the Atlantic to the other. But all that was a proof of how well he had done his work, of how faithful he was to the idea he represented; and we are here to-night, to tell him that we think so—that we honor him for what he has done, that we love him for what he has suffered, and that we welcome him here with open arms and expanding hearts. (Great applause.)

I hardly know, my friends, whether I ought to welcome Mr. Pillsbury home just now; whether he will consider it a compliment to be welcomed to these shores, coming from a respectable country, (laughter)—coming from an empire where every inhabitant is protected in his rights, in every part of that empire; where, if the attractions of right may not be so absolutely and fully conceded on paper, as ours are, yet the absolute possession of rights is much greater than with us, and those rights absolutely protected every where within the limits of that empire; coming from a country where decency and self-respect mark the conduct of the rulers thereof. I hardly know whether I can conscientiously and consistently congratulate Mr. Pillsbury on his return to such a country as this. It seems to me the congratulation should be given to those who leave it. Still, we welcome him, because there is a mighty work to be done, as is shown by these shameful and atrocious deeds of which our ears have just heard, and of which our hearts are full. We, therefore, welcome him; but it is to a field of labor, it is to a fresh toll, to new sacrifices—in labors, and toils, and sacrifices, which he regards as the crowning blessing of his life.

Fortunately, ladies and gentlemen, my business, to-night, is not to speak. It is like that of the Speaker of the House of Representatives—so called, because he does not speak. It is only that of a Master of Ceremonies, of one merely who introduces those who are to speak. I shall, therefore, conclude with merely asking you to respond to this sentiment—

Welcome home to Parker Pillsbury! (Enthusiastic cheering.) May health, prosperity, and length of days, crowned with virtuous labors for humanity, attend him! (Renewed applause.)

[For Mr. PILLSBURY'S speech, in response to this sentiment, see our inside form.]

THE PRESIDENT.—My friends, you have all set your hands to your belief in that sentiment; and all who have ever known the past life of our excellent friend know that what he says, he means, and what he means, he will perform. We welcome him back to the Anti-Slavery movement,—a movement of which this is one of the blossoming, and of which we have him who planted it, or at least, him who watered it afresh, with us to-night. Permit me to offer this sentiment—

The American Anti-Slavery Movement.—The last entrenchment of American liberty. Though beleaguered hotly, and assailed fiercely, we shall never despair of it as long as it has a Garrison that will never surrender. (Prolonged applause.)

C. C. BURLEIGH.—And never fail to make a successful sortie on the besiegers. (Cheers.)

Mr. GARRISON then came forward, which was the signal for the liveliest and warmest demonstrations of affectionate regard. Hats and handkerchiefs waved, and cheer resounded upon cheer, till the old Hall rang again. When the cheering ceased, Mr. GARRISON said:

SPEECH OF MR. GARRISON.

Mr. Chairman,—I can only say respecting this generous reception of my name, that if those who have thus warmly responded were in Carolina to-night, they would unquestionably be tarred and feathered, or hung by the neck until they were dead, dead, dead. (Laughter.) I do not think, however, that there is any great danger of any one here being exalted above measure, even by the warmest approbation that may be given to him. I think our friend, Mr. PILLSBURY, is entirely safe; for if it be true, that 'birds of a feather flock together,' then, as compared with the great mass of the people of this country, we are still in a very lean minority, and our endorsement of each other does not remove the popular odium which attaches to us all, and cannot under such circumstances make us vain or giddy.

An ancient wise man has said, that there 'is a time to rejoice, and a time to mourn.' By a most extraordinary coincidence, these times seem to be blended in one and the same hour on this occasion. We are here to rejoice at the safe return of our scarred and toll-worn friend from his visit to the old world; and it is indeed good to see him once more safe among us. It is a time for rejoicing, that a life so precious has been spared; that we have the assurance that he will yet be seen in the foremost of the fight in time to come, as he has been in the days gone by, making his blows fall thick and fast on the heads of the enemies of human freedom. But it is also an hour for mourning, when we look at the condition of our country. Grief comes to us by every mail, tidings of horror by every telegraphic dispatch. It would seem as if the very elements were disolving, and the land were about utterly to be swallowed up.

Sir, we have not come here to indulge in festive dissipation, or in personal adulation, but to do a good deed by gratefully recognizing the long-protracted labors of one of the most devoted of our little band in this glorious struggle—forgetting the injunction, 'Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder,' but remembering that, if he has done well during his sojourn abroad, his beloved wife has also nobly acted her part, and is deserving of all commendation. (Great applause.) He has told us of the many kind and sympathetic friends whom he met on the other side of the Atlantic, and who made his hours pass swiftly and happily away. I think of her, who, in her loneliness during that long period, in the midst of a pro-slavery community, with few to sympathize with her, yearning to see her face, and hear her voice, and be strengthened by his presence and counsel, not only resignedly submitted to the separation, but even urged his continuance abroad, so long as there seemed to be any chance to improve his health, or to advance the cause of the oppressed, whose homes are ever desolate. God bless her! (Cheers.)

Our friend is an old soldier in the Anti-Slavery cause. Leaders in it there are none. Precedence is not leadership. It is happening that I anticipated my friend a little while, in lifting up my voice for the down-trodden and the dumb. We are none of us led, in a dependent sense. If there be a body of men and women on the face of the earth, whose individuality is absolute, whose personal independence is conspicuous, it is the abolitionists banded under the flag of the American Anti-Slavery Society. (Cheers.) Every man does up his own thinking for himself; and the Anti-Slavery platform, to-day, in the conflict of opinions which has taken place upon it, has presented afresh to the gaze of the world, the fact that every abolitionist utters his own thought, acts upon his own conviction, whether he has any body to sustain him or not. This it is which makes us strong, vital, fearless, invincible.

Mr. PILLSBURY has served, I believe, more than three apprenticeships in the Anti-Slavery cause. It found him at Andover, in a most unfavorable position—in the Theological Institution. He is not 'a brand plucked from the burning.' (Laughter and applause.) He was preparing to be a good Orthodox minister of the gospel, according to the most approved pattern at Andover. Only think how much he has sacrificed! Why, if he had simply turned his back on our movement, if he had given due consideration to what Professor Stuart and Dr. Wood said to him, he might have been, at this very hour, nothing less than 'the Rev. Dr. Pillsbury'! (Great merriment.) He might have had a large and flourishing parish, a good salary, and an excellent reputation. He is neither Doctor nor Reverend, and has

lost his parish, reputation, and all! What an unfortunate man! Nay, how very fortunate; for in taking up this cause, he espoused that which makes a true minister of the gospel, which furnishes a man with a commission from on high, needing no human endorsement; his parish has been as broad as the whole world, and he has spoken for the freedom of the human race. (loud cheers.)

Sir, our friend has been over to England. I have visited it on former occasions, and I know somewhat of the state of things in that country. The anti-slavery of England is very much what democracy is in our country, as against monarchy: it is traditional—it is sentimental. The great mass of the people, having no pecuniary interest whatever in slavery, and not having been corrupted by its presence are naturally opposed to it, because they see it as it is. But they have never been tried in the fiery furnace; and so it has turned out, as our friend has reminded us, that when any of their distinguished ministers have come upon our soil, they have left their anti-slavery go to the winds, and bowed down to the dominion of slavery, finding themselves, for the first time in their lives, where to be an abolitionist is a portion of our land, with danger and death. Among the numerous delegates who have been sent to this country, representing Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Quakers, I believe there have not been one who has not fallen, the moment he was put to the test. The same religious effort which is here made to put down genuine abolitionism, shows itself on the other side of the Atlantic, especially in Scotland: the same sanctimonious pretense, under an anti-slavery garb, that they cannot cooperate with 'infidels,' even to break the chains of the oppressed. So Mr. Pillsbury had to run the gauntlet of those bigots abroad, whose anti-slavery is a mere sentiment, and whose love of their sect is incomparably greater than their regard for bleeding humanity. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other places, they have organized hostile societies, for the purpose of withdrawing supplies from us, and stigmatized us as an 'infidel' movement. We know how all such would demean themselves on the question of slavery, if they were here: they would swell the army of trimmers and time-servers. There is not stuff among them all to make one uncompromising abolitionist. Now, we have lost our religious reputation, because, among other reasons, we are like the woman who advertised in the newspapers for a husband,—stating, among various qualifications that would be requisite to make a match, that the party applying must, in the first place, be a man of undoubted piety, and in the second place, he must be honest and trustworthy. (Laughter.) So we have demanded unquestionable piety, but, at the same time, conjured with honesty and trustworthiness. If we had only left out the latter, our religious reputation would have been established, at home and abroad. (Applause.) We have also refused to worship where, as Mrs. Partington told her boy, pointing to a church, 'the gospel is dispensed with'; (laughter)—which is very clear evidence in our land, and to many in the old world, that we must be an infidel body of people. Again—we repudiate the kind of piety which was exemplified in the person of the slave woman, who joined the church, but soon afterwards stole a goose. When communion day came round, her mistress, finding that she was going to communion, admonished her that she was not at all in a proper state of mind to do so, for she had not repented of the theft she had committed. 'Lor, missus,' said she, 'you don't s'pose I'm gwine to turn my back on my bressed Master for no old goose, do you?' (Laughter.) Her religion was ceremonial—the religion of America, and of all Christendom. Hence, when we say, 'Come out from these pro-slavery churches, for humanity's sake, and for the honor of God,' the ministers and members thereof turn round and say—'You don't suppose we are going to turn our backs upon our blessed Master, for all the niggers in creation! You are a pack of infidels!' (Applause.)

But, sir, if there are narrow-minded bigots in the old world, after the similitude of those in the new, it should not be forgotten, on an occasion like this, that there are also many large-hearted and world-wide spirits in the same quarter, who are giving to our cause their most hearty co-operation, who clearly understand and appreciate our position, whose regard for the slave is based on an unchangeable principle, and to whom we may confidently look for encouragement and aid to the end of the conflict. They are one with us in feeling, sentiment and action.

Mr. Chairman, allow me, for a moment, to speak of our own country, in respect to the state of the times. I believe it was our esteemed friend, CONWAY, who said at our meeting yesterday, that in the course of a week, we shall ascertain whether the Union remains or is gone. 'In the course of a week?' Why, sir, that question was settled more than seventy years ago. It was settled the very moment our fathers put sin into the Constitution, and cemented the Union with the blood of the slave. It has been settled from the foundation of the world, that between Liberty and Slavery, no union is possible, under any circumstances. Our mission at this hour is, to proclaim that all compromise with sin is certain defeat and destruction; and that any government undertaking to exist, by immolating the humbled of the humble in the land, is doomed to an utter overthrow, in God's own time. We are to proclaim the fact, that what is called 'the Union' is a cheat, a sham, a lie, and thus to open the eyes of the people to a clear perception of their true condition.

Mr. Chairman, there are four millions of slaves clanking their chains in our ears; but ours is a glorious Union! Fugitive slaves, seeking their liberty by flight, are hunted by blood-hounds through all the States, far away to the Canada line; but ours is a glorious Union! Slaves at the South are burned alive, on mere suspicion of crime, year after year; yet ours is a glorious Union! Rewards are offered for the abduction of Northern freemen by Southern Legislatures; still, ours is a glorious Union! Judge KANE puts PASSMORE WILLIAMSON into Moyamensing prison, because he said to certain slaves brought to Philadelphia by their owner, 'You are free by the laws of Pennsylvania, and the Constitution of the United States'; nevertheless, ours is a glorious Union! Burns is seized as a bond-slave in the streets of Boston, and carried back to Virginia by hiring out-throats, and the Commonwealth is convulsed to its centre, and millions of hearts are inflamed almost to madness, but they do not do nothing to rescue the victim; for ours is a glorious Union, and we must bear it all! CHARLES SUMNER, simply for exercising his constitutional rights as a Senator at Washington, is cloven down to the ground by the bludgeon of a Southern slaveholder, representing most fitly lawless South Carolina in the House of Representatives; but ours is a glorious Union! HENRY WILSON must be escorted to the cars by his friends, because his life is in danger—the Southern press is calling for the immolation of SEWARD, and HALE, and WALKER, and GIDDINGS—members of Congress go armed to their seats, no one knowing whose turn may come next; still, ours is a glorious Union! Look at Kansas, given over to rapine, murder and blood! Where is Pomeroy? Who knows where Reeder is? Governor Robinson is in the hands of the 'border ruffian' courts, on a charge of high treason. Where is Lawrence? His hotel and printing-office in ashes—and the end is not yet. But, notwithstanding all this, ours is a glorious Union! O, mockery of mockeries! Sir, I would like to see the man who says a real Union is possible, under such circumstances! The slaveholders tell us we must get down on our knees, nay, lay prostrate in the dust, and acknowledge that slavery is to be sustained and perpetuated in this country, and freedom must go to the wall. They tell us, as one man, that they are determined to root out all free institutions. They have outlawed liberty of speech and the press in all the South, and whoever is caught there from the Northern States, if suspected of being an abolitionist, is at once lynched, or must flee for his life. It is a glorious Union—is it not? Will you stand by it? I trust, sir, we are all Disunionists now. It seems to me that if any person is worthy

to wear chains, he is the man who is striking hands with the bloody-minded tyrants of the South. (Applause.)

Sir, our work is a simple one: it is to endeavor to divorce LIBERTY from SLAVERY—to tell the South that her exertions of us cannot be complied with—that she requires what it is not in our power rightfully to do, and what, God helping us, we never will do,—sanction and protect her slaveholding villany. (Applause.) This week, we will let our testimonies go out anew on the wings of the wind. The press shall take them up, and bear them all through the South-land, cheering the slave, and terrifying the oppressor. I believe thousands are now ready, and ere long, the entire North will be ready, to respond gloriously to the motto we have inscribed on the banner of Liberty, in letters of light,—'NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!' (Cheers.)

THE PRESIDENT.—We all know, my friends, why it was that the life of CHARLES SUMNER was attempted last week,—we know what was the object of that attempted assassination. That blow was not aimed at CHARLES SUMNER alone; it was aimed at freedom of speech. Freedom of speech is what the tyrant dreads every where; and when Mr. Parker, this afternoon, read to us that extract from the letter of Mr. Sumner, in which he said he was preparing the bitterest philippic that was ever uttered in the Senate, it reminded me of those speeches from which he derived the term,—the philippics of Cicero,—and of that which followed almost immediately after the utterance of those philippics,—the death of the orator, his tongue pierced through with the bodkin of the wife of one of the Triumvirs. It was the freedom of speech at which that murderous blow was aimed. Then 'you, and I, and all of us, fell down, while bloody treason flourished over us.' It is true, my friends, that words are things,—that breath is more potent than bullet or bayonet; and I will give you, 'Freedom of Speech, now and forever,'—and call to respond to that sentiment, WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. PHILLIPS came forward amid tumultuous cheering, and spoke as follows:—

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. CHAIRMAN.—Among so many kind and cheerful faces, the most welcome sight to me in this Hall, at the present moment, is the clock, which reminds me that I shall be expected to detain you but a very few moments.

Mr. GARRISON—I think we shall adopt the advice of Dr. Young, while Mr. Phillips is speaking, and 'take no note of time, even from his loss.' (Cheers.)

Mr. PHILLIPS—I am glad my friend is frank enough to remind you that it will be loss of time while I am speaking. (Laughter.)

Mr. GARRISON—Not so; only its unconscious flight. Mr. PHILLIPS—I congratulate our friend Mr. Pillsbury that he is here. My welcome takes the form of congratulation. I should pity him, if, as far as his England, he had received the news of this fight. His hand would have ached for the hilt of his sword, that he might be at home in the thickest of the fight. I congratulate him that he is at home. When among the quaint and scholarly delights of Naples, Milton heard the first clasp of arms from England, he hurried to lay his laurels on the altar of his native land, and left the scholars of Italy for the side of Cromwell and Hampden. I know that our friend would have gladly leapt from the lap of English hospitality; from all even that seemed to be labor there, to take part in such a struggle as that before us.

He left us loud in argument. He comes back to the clang of arms. He left a score or two of journals open to the slave question. He comes back to find the whole press swamped in the anti-slavery storm. He left us weeping over 'Uncle Tom.' He comes back to find us fighting over Kansas. He left the Senate laughing at the wit of Hale. He comes back to find it rebelling against Sumner. He comes back to a hand to hand fight. All that a brave man asks is to be shown his enemy: as Macbeth's foe said,

'front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself.'

God has granted us this. The breeze that fanned our friend's temples, as he approached his native shores, was freighted with this glorious news, that slavery, driven to the wall, had thrown away argument, and resorted to the club and the knife. Such resort is, in fact, pleading guilty. I congratulate Mr. Pillsbury on his return at such a moment. They say when the health inspectors come round, men hasten to clean up their cellars and scatter cholera. He comes home, with those Hebrew lips, on which stern, unfathomable thoughts have written, as Byron says, 'eternal wrath,' and the church seems to hasten to purify itself. He comes home, and it is a curious coincidence, Mr. Chairman,—we might almost think it had a connection,—the Tract Society depose Adams. (loud cheers.)

'In Adams' fall,
We shouted all.'

(Tumultuous laughter and applause.)

Our friend has been sometime abroad. We did not hear much in detail of what he was doing;—we did not need to. That is the charm of the close love and confidence that join us together. He may go to the ends of the earth: we have wintered him and summered him before he went. They may write in a Scottish or English journal, no matter how plausibly, the tale of what he did or said wrong, but we know that his heart and intellect on this question are of such a quality, an unfused gem, that he cannot betray us. We trust him, waiting cheerfully his return, and his own account of his labors. All the journals of England could not have made me doubt our friend. I have seen him stand in hotter temper here in New England than he could possibly encounter in Old England. He stood erect! 'Cutlino gladius contempni, non tua pertimescam,' said the Roman Senator, when they charged him with fear. Our friend had despised keener words than those of any English temptation.

That description he gave us of the sickness through which English hospitality attended and nursed him—how touching it was! They did not know his face nor his kindred. No ties bound him to them, but the love of a great idea. Let the South take warning! The love that binds Massachusetts to that sick bed at Washington is no empty admiration of a mock statesman, (loud cheers,) but the calm love that neither terrors, nor faints, nor yields. I have another reason for rejoicing at our friend's return just at this time. I want him to say that we have been doing our duty while he was away. We have tried to make the soil hotter than when he left it. I hope he will find it so. We want help; we need his aid. Our squadron is so small that the absence of one counts. I know his heart is like that of the brave French noble, who, when a fortress, with only a handful of defenders, was closely besieged, rode to the walls, and flung himself into it. Whether we conquer or fall, he wants to be in the fight as well as at the jubilee. New England is in peril; her pine-tree trembles in the storm; and she summons all her sons home to do her service on the soil that gave them birth. (Applause.)

There is another reason why I want him here. There is a very large account due from New Hampshire to the Union. She imposed Webster and Pierce upon us: I want to offset it. My friend Mr. Quincy alluded to the picture that lowers over our heads. Sumner has erased that, for we have got a Senator now worth painting. (Enthusiastic applause.) Boston will tear it down, the moment she wakes from her drunken idolatry, and hinders the difference between a man and a huckster. (Renewed applause.) There is another thing we mean to do; we mean to tear down that ugly vulture, (the eagle over the clock,) even now shrieking over the blood and fire of ruined Lawrence; and we will place the pine tree in its stead, and make these walls worthy, as once before, of the speech of Otis and the presence of Warren. I remind the South, that not long after a British assassin robbed us, in Otis, of the best orator of the Revolution, the clang of arms was heard upon Bunker Hill. Will you stand by it? I trust, sir, we are all Disunionists now. It seems to me that if any person is worthy

Another thing, Mr. Garrison says there is no looking ship in this cause. He is right; but I confess, that when I have great pleasure in looking into the face of our friend, and seeing him here, he seems to have a peculiar fitness, a sort of instinct for such matters;—and I am always willing to subside into his wake on such an occasion. I welcome him home to the post of danger. He left the fortress besieged; he finds it now with every evident symptom of internal revolt. I am glad of it. I welcome him home, because I feel safe with all the family about me in times of danger. When the night-boss at sea, I am glad to have all the best pilotage. He has come over the stormy ocean; he thinks, perhaps, he has entered a quiet harbor; he has not. There is a fiercer storm between him and the top-sails, than betwixt here and Liverpool; and it is a storm him!—for out of that lightning, and out of that storm, will come the green grass and beautiful fruit of a better civilization, a purer Christianity. (Applause.)

Our friend says he is very weak, that disease has debilitated him, that this is the largest hall he has long seen recently; but he mistakes. Long years have built up his walls in which he speaks; the confidence and love of thousands that have watched him struggle and bated steps for seventeen years of devoted service, very life, have put on the scales and the top-sails, and his lightest whisper of anti-slavery rebuke is heard from the port of Boston to the banks of the Mississippi. Disease may weaken his physical force, but it cannot blot out the years of service that make him loved and his parish. (Cheers.) And over his head, his hand, and his heart, and his soul, the spirit of a civil and religious liberty of which Andrew never dreamed. (loud cheers.) She would have given him for a year's hamlet on the Green Mountains or the White; but now Pope, when he made him Bishop of New Hampshire, gave him the heart of humanity for his audience. (loud cheering.) I rejoice that he has returned to his diocese. [Renewed cheering.]

THE PRESIDENT.—Those are good words, my friends, to be uttered in Faneuil Hall. (Cheers.) We want something said here that will take the taste of the people out of our mouths,—(referring to the picture of Webster in the Senate, which hangs behind the speaker's chair),—and to drown the sound of that Sinecure and Barn's Guard, who have been no more than a name on the streets to-day, whose only achievement in war was carrying back one poor negro into slavery. I am happy to say we have a to-night, in Faneuil Hall, what comes from the shadow of the Hall of Independence. This Hall has been desecrated—that Hall has been desecrated—both Halls need to be purified, to have a laustration performed, in order to make them worthy of the old time. As there are men here, who are trying to make Faneuil Hall what it was in the days of Hancock and Adams, so there are men in Pennsylvania who are striving to make the Hall of Independence the true Temple of American Liberty, which once it was. I will give you, my friends—

The true Abolitionists of Pennsylvania—Faithful, if we are striving to re-publish the Declaration of Independence, and make it a vital reality, instead of a mockery and a lie.

I call upon ROBERT PURVIS, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa., to respond to that point. (loud cheers.)

SPEECH OF ROBERT PURVIS.

Mr. Chairman,—I am gratified and amazed by this reception; but I am glad to be here to-night, and I am glad of the opportunity afforded me, to say a word in congratulation and in cordial greeting to all whom you have so justly welcomed to this house.

Mr. Chairman, I desire to offer to our friend, PARKER PILLSBURY, my grateful acknowledgments for the services he has rendered the anti-slavery cause. I do this, not simply by reason of my connection or identification with the victims of American oppression, but because I am a Disunion Abolitionist. (Applause.) His services have been of the highest value, for they have been a triumphant vindication of the course of the distinguished advocates of our cause against sir, what you just characterized as the malignity of its enemies, either at home, or in those who fly